

London University.

A noticeable feature in the July number of the *Catholic World* is that the right of property and its duties are equally well expounded. The leading article, by Mr. Jas. A. Cain—a new contributor, we think—is a masterly exposition of how we ought to get a just title to land. Father J. Talbot Smith, on the other hand, in "The Homes of the Poor," shows how owners of tenement-houses are to be dealt with. The article on the health of the people is a warning drink. If the ordinary church-goer wants something to astonish him let him read Father Alfred Young's article, "Shall the People Sing?" Many will consider Father Hecker's article, "Dr. Brownson in Boston," as the best of early numbers. The last is a short story of the search for truth by two men like Father Hecker and his subject, in a city such as Boston was half a century ago, cannot fail to be intensely interesting reading. The fiction is especially good this month, selected, perhaps, from the best of the early numbers. We have room to find that the literary note in the *Catholic World* and Maurice F. Scott

When a Catholic lifts his eyes in the great Church of St. Peter in Rome, and sees blazoned on it in letters that will never be obliterated, *Tu es Petrus, et super hanc Petram edificabo Ecclesiam meam*, feels as if there needed no further proof of the truth of the Catholic Faith than that all-convincing inscription.

to bear what I may call personal testimony to the fact, and to say that we at least of that branch of the Liberal party whom I have the honor to represent, and I believe to have the confidence of, and whose sentiments I believe I express, that we are prepared to stand solid with you in the common cause of the prosperity of Ireland.

LIKE THE VOICE OF MANY WATERFOLLOWS.

They say they will play a waiting game in the hope that Mr. Gladstone may do (Cries of "Shame.") They think that they get rid of Mr. Gladstone and Lord Parnell, the agitation in Ireland will totally disappear. (Cheers, and cries of "Never.") They belong to that class of people who fancy that if they only could break the Eolian lyre they might once write an epitaph upon the wind. But the people in Ireland are pushed forward by the grievances of your country, and we in England will remain true to your cause.

In fields of war Kirkpatrick won renown
A knight was he for chivalry well known
In luckless hour his warrior sword he drew
And with the blow the Comrae all he slew
No rest thereafter could the brave knight
obtain,
Nor cease his ever stinging pain
In vain the hero's plaint no power could
heal;
'Twas Scott's cause, for Scott's wife he
it recked not; still to angry heaven he
The blood he'd shed and certain vengeance
Fell Nemesis claims ever for blood;
And yet 'till flow the expiatory flood
And cease the ruler on the earth
knew:
No peace to him the valiant Comyn's seal
Nor 'till the tor tournament, nor dance
the horrors of remorse o'er all prevail.
Now seeks the hardy knight, 'mid war
Some solace to his ever torturing harms,
And seeks the ruler on the earth
O'er war intent, assail fair Scotia's land,
His knights around him calls the threaten-
ing lieges all; 'tis who shall earliest bring
His powers in aid to quell the southern
True lieges all; 'tis who shall earliest bring
His force to marshal, High in Scotia
land
His word the monarch gave him chief
command.
His valiant band spread terror all around
The warriors not on all broad England's
ground
That could the hero crush, of battles won
The victor's valor by the warrior done,
The annals tell, what war was done of yore
Must be forgot and pain the brave no more
Can e'er prevail,
And Saxons e'er each other more assailed
Than that mad'rous war show
wage
The pious Edward's sons and oft engage
In vain to force the kindred northern
clime.
But peaceful balm in mind throughout
The ties of blood through Saxons Marx
given
As gifts of peace, a gift from grace
Heaven.

Sweet peace now reigned o'er all
of Scotia's ground;
No peace to him the valiant Comyn's seal
In waking dreams, by day, his mind
torn.
His war the spirit ever sunk and worn.
In the still night when bravest soldiers
By visions dire Kirkpatrick was oppress'd
One day as he on his troubled couch
groined,

As Dean Wagner, who has in hands the work of the Catholic Colored Mission of Windsor, wishes to begin the collection of contributions for the church on the earliest possible date, all persons who have received his appeal for help are kindly requested to fill their lists as soon as convenient, and send the proceeds, together with the benefactors' lists, to the reverend gentleman. All moneys received will be immediately acknowledged. Persons receiving in due time such acknowledgment, will be pleased to notify Dr. Wagner by postal card.

This image is a vertical, high-contrast black and white scan. It features a dark, irregular vertical band running down the center, which appears to be a shadow or a crease in the paper. The left side is lighter and shows some texture, while the right side is mostly black. There are some faint, illegible markings on the left edge, possibly from a book's binding or a page number.